

Making Decisions by thegirlcourageous

Series: [Reddie or Not: 31 Days of Fic \(In honor of Christmas\) \[5\]](#)

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Summary:

Eddie thinking about life one morning and what he wants from it. Oh, and Richie is a snuggle monster.

Making Decisions

He'd gone back to Derry, regained the memories of his lost childhood, reunited with his long lost friends again, had run all over town trying not to get maimed or killed in some horrible and/or gruesome way, had then killed an evil fucking clown, and against all odds none of them had died in the attempt, and then somehow, some*freaking*how, in the absolute mess that had been that weekend, he'd also remembered that he was, in fact, very gay, very in love with his best friend, and very inclined to finally do something about it. Finding out that his best friend loved him back had been the best silver lining of the shitstorm they'd found themselves in.

So, yeah. He was now living with Richie. He was happily divorced, and ridiculously in love.

However, getting up in the morning was now much more of a process than it had ever been for Eddie at any other stage in his life. And it all boiled down to Richie being absolutely terrible at waking up. Or getting out of bed. Or functioning without a hot shower and a hot coffee.

The thing was...Richie was a cuddler. Actually, strike that. He wasn't just a cuddler. No, he was the type of cuddler that would strike at any given hour of the day. He'd cuddled with Eddie at normal places, like at home on the couch, but he'd also done it when they were standing in the checkout line at the grocery store.

Always standing close, always wrapping his long arms around him, always putting his head on Eddie's shoulder, as this allowed him to lean just that little bit closer.

And Eddie didn't mind. In fact, he loved it. Loved getting that constant nice little reminder that 'yes, Richie is just as much in this for the long term as I am'. Loved that he wasn't afraid for other people to see. It made him smile that he wasn't the only that craved that connection. Eddie had spent a lot of years not letting people close, not letting them into what he saw as his personal space. And he'd always had reasons. Like, he didn't know them, trust them, didn't want to get sick because some asshole hadn't washed their hands.

But he craved Richie's touch. Whatever shape or form it took.

There was just one problem with Richie being a cuddler. When he was awake and aware of his surroundings, he was just a cuddler. And that was easy to deal with because it just meant that Eddie had to stand there and soak up the love and affection Richie was giving him. Simple as that. But, when it was the morning or if Richie was just extremely tired, he instead turned into a snuggle monster. When Richie turned into a snuggle monster, he used all of his limbs to cling to Eddie. Which was nice and once again, Eddie loved the touching. It just made it hard to get out of bed. Because, all he really wanted was to stay. And Richie was giving him all the incentive to do so.

Anyway, Eddie wasn't sure he'd ever met anyone quite as resistant to waking up as Richie. He'd whine as soon as Eddie's alarm went off, turn his face into the mattress, and burrowing further into his duvet, refuse to acknowledge the fact that it was morning. That he had to get up and start his day. That Eddie definitely had to get up. Get to work. Be on time.

His reply was always the same whenever Eddie pointed this last bit

out, he'd sleepily mumble, "I can just be your sugar daddy, don't you worry, Eds. Don't you worry." If he was awake enough, he'd sometimes even shoot a suggestive smile Eddie's way.

Eddie pointedly ignored that comment every time he heard it. Hoped that Richie never saw how rosy his cheeks got, how much he really did like the idea of Richie taking care of him. Instead, Eddie had focused all his energy on figuring out the best way to untangle himself from the snuggle monster that was Richie Tozier. Eventually, he'd found that the easiest way was to just squirm away awkwardly, wriggling like a worm, because while Richie's long limbs had an advantage in that they were long and could reach far, leading to him on occasion snagging Eddie around the waist and pulling him back into the sleep warm bed, Richie's grip just wasn't that strong in the morning. And this is where Eddie's perseverance won out.

In the privacy of his mind though, he couldn't help but regret having to leave the comforting embrace of his boyfriend. Eddie often found himself wishing that he could just turn around in Richie's arms, so they were face to face, and just snuggle. His face buried against Richie's chest, his own arms around Richie's torso, pulling him closer closer closer, and never let go.

Eddie always sighed when this thought struck him. Because he couldn't see how he'd really manage that. There were always more meetings to be had, more hands to shake while trying not to gag. And this would all continue unless he really did allow Richie to be his "sugar daddy". The idea itself always made him snort. They were both in their forties, for fucks sake, it just didn't make sense.

But maybe it didn't have to make sense. Maybe everything in life didn't have to make sense the way Eddie had been taught to believe it should. Maybe Eddie was allowed to want...

Richie was tugging at his shirt in a very pitiful way, but he wasn't saying anything. Because despite how he on a regular basis acted, alternating between clingy and flirty in hopes of enticing Eddie back into bed, Eddie knew that he respected that Eddie really needed to get up at a certain time to be on time for work. That they didn't have the same schedules, even if they wanted to.

Eddie made to grab at Richie's fingers, and heard Richie's sheepish voice go, "Yeah, alright. Letting go." Richie began to pull back his arm, but Eddie was faster. He got ahold of his hand, and pressed a firm kiss to the knuckles, smiling at the little coo that escaped Richie. Marvelling at the shyness on display in front of him. Because who fucking knew that Richie Tozier could be this adorably shy? Eddie, that's who. Even if life had taken him on a 27 years long detour before he ever got to see it. Before they were allowed to build a life together.

The words 'build a life together' was echoing in his mind, and suddenly, Eddie wasn't sure what was really holding him back. He was allowed to build any kind of life he wanted with Richie. Why was he clinging to this job, this one last reminder of the past?

Just like that, his mind was made up. Spontaneous Eddie wasn't someone Eddie was very familiar with, but he found that maybe he quite liked him. He examined Richie's hands, tracing his own fingertips across the smooth surfaces. Trying to figure out how to word what he wanted to say. Finally, just deciding on simple and to the point.

"Maybe we should reexamine that sugar daddy idea of yours..." Eddie waited with bated breath for his reply and wasn't disappointed

at the reaction.

Richie's choked cough, and his very eager, "Yes!", had Eddie's heart beating faster. At any moment it might just explode from sheer the happiness coursing through Eddie veins. Yeah, Richie staring at him with those big, wonderfully expressive eyes only made him more certain. There was no regret. And honestly, he'd always secretly hated his job when he couldn't remember the past. Now he hated how it continued to be this reminder of a stolen life, of choices he wished he hadn't made, of a lonely existence.

Eddie wanted more. After all, they had a whole life to live, to fill to the brim with cherished memories and exciting stories. And Eddie didn't want to spend another 27 miserable years wondering what could have happened if he'd dared to imagine where he would be if he'd only dared to make different choices. This time around he was going to refuse to accept anything but unadulterated happiness, whatever that ended up looking like.

He did however have a sneaky suspicion that it looked a lot like long, gangly limbs wrapped around him tightly, like sparkling eyes full of mischief and tenderness. A lot like the man who was laying on the bed in front of him, his eyes and attention on Eddie. Always on Eddie.

Shuffling slowly towards him, Eddie couldn't help but admire the beautiful man who was watching Eddie's every move with rapt attention. Couldn't help but want to kiss him, savoring every moment their lips touched, leaving them both breathless.

He leaned over Richie; their faces close enough that Eddie could feel the heat coming off of him. Richie's eyes were going a little cross-

eyed, and Eddie huffed out a laugh this. Richie grinned up at him, and Eddie was so helplessly smitten by this man. This man who made him laugh, and who rubbed his back when he was spiralling, who was always there for him, who always showed up when he needed him, who let Eddie in, and who wanted Eddie to be there for him too.

His eyes flickered down to Richie's lips. When he leaned this time, he didn't stop to admire Richie, instead, he captured his lips in a searing kiss. Yes, this was what Eddie wanted. His fingers found their way into Richie's hair, and he clung to the strands. Needed to ground himself, or he was afraid he might float off into space.

Richie broke the kiss first but didn't go very far. Just murmured against his lips, "Best morning ever."

And Eddie could do nothing but agree.

Author's Note:

Day 5, in all it's glory. Just 2 days late. I guess this is what happens when life happens, and when you feel really crap.

Anyway, hope you enjoy. Both Day 6 and 7 should be going up tomorrow.